My heart to her, but as gueſt-wiſe ſoiournd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leaſt to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.
Enter Hermia.
Her. Darke night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the ſeeing ſenſe,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eie, *Lyſander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to thy ſound.
But why vnkindly didſt thou leaue me ſo?
Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom loue doth preſſe to go?
Her. What loue could preſſe *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fiery oes, and eies of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeake not as you thinke; it cannot be.
Hel. Loe, ſhe is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport, in ſpight of me.
Iniurious *Hermia*, moſt vngratefull maide,
Haue you conſpir'd, haue you with theſe contriu'd
To baite me, with this foule deriſion?
Is all the counſell that we two haue ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the houres that we haue ſpent,
When we haue chid the haſty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All ſchoole-daies friendſhip, child-hood innocence?
We *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,

Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and mindes
Had bin incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an vnion in partition,
Two louely berries moulded on one ſtemme,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt life coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient loue aſunder,
To ioyne with men in ſcorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.
Our ſexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feele the iniury.
Her. I am amazed at your words,
I ſcorne you not; It ſeemes that you ſcorne me.
Hel. Haue you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorne
To follow me, and praiſe my eies and face?
And made your other Loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did ſpurne me with his foote)
To call me goddeſſe, nimph, diuine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtiall? Wherefore ſpeakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your loue (ſo rich within his ſoule)
And tender me (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, ſo fortunate?
(But miſerable moſt, to loue vnlou'd)
This you ſhould pitty, rather then deſpiſe.
Her. I vnderſtand not what you meane by this.
Hel. I, do, perſeuer, counterfeit ſad lookes,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,